GOOD REPORTS FOR SPORTSMEN

Signs that the Game Protection Laws are Doing Good.

"VARMINTS" PROTECTING THEMSELVES

Indications for the Winter's Sport that will Rejoice the Hearts of Hunters.

Interesting Stories of What Has Been Done Already-A City Sportsman in the Adirendacks-Two Rife Balls Planted in Bruin's Head by a Girl Hunter-Pennsylvania's Game Wave-And a Lot of Things Sathered from The Sun's Esteemed Contemporaries that Know a Good Story,

There is no more enthusiastic sportsman in New York city than S. W. Fairchild of Fatrchild Brothers & Foster, the Fulton street chemists. Mr. Fairchild's office is filled the stuffed birds and animals shot by him in his many hunting expeditions. On the walls are the mounted heads of deer and moose while a big alligator is stretched out realistically upon the floor in a corner of the room.

Mr. Fairchild has just added another to his

collection of deer heads, and it is the gem of the lot. It is one that he received last week from an old taxidermist of the Adirondacks who has mounted and stuffed many of the birds and animals killed in the mountains which adorn the rooms of New York sportsmen. There is a history worth telling connected with this deer, for it is the finest fellow that has been shot in the Adirondacks this season. say the old guides, who ought to know. In the



out of the head here given it will be noticed that the head tapers gradually from the forehead to the tip of the nose, which is symmetrical and narrow. It is rare that so beautifully shaped a head is found in the Adirondack deer, and especially in so large a buck the face is apt to be heavier and broader, as in the bo-vine. A superb pair of six-pronged antiers, twenty-nine inches in length, spring from the shapely head. The horn at the base of the antiers is covered with a mass of fretwork, which adds to the effect. The coat of hair on the neck is as smooth as silk, and of that beautiful blue color which deer take on in the fall after shedding their long-haired coat of red. The throat and face are prettily marked

with dashes of white. . With the life-like head before him, Mr. Fairchild told a Sun reporter the story of the shooting. For the last seven years Mr. Fairchild ing. For the last seven years Mr. Fairchild has passed his vacations in the Adirondacks, and every year he has been remarkably successful in his hunting trips. For three years past he has stopped at the Prospect House on the shores of Blue Mountain Lake, where the hunting and fishing are excellent. Mr. Fairchild shot his price buck on the morning of Sept. 13 on the shore of Utowana Lake, and a short account of the shooting appeared at the sept. 13 on the shore of Utowana Lake, and a short account of the shooting appeared at the time in The Sun. There was quite a party of New York sportamen at the Prespect House, among them B. T. Fairchild. A. B. Claffin, and T. B. Howell of Newark. They spent a very enjoyable two weeks together hunting and fishing in canoes through the chain of lakes from Blue Mountain to Racquette Lake, and on foot through the surrounding country. All

ing in canoes through the chain of lakes from Blue Mountain to linequette Lake, and on foot through the surrounding country. All had good luck while the sport went on.

Manager Tunniclifie of the Prospect House invited some of his sporting guests to accompany him for two days on a hunt, and they were fairly successful, having killed two nice deer. Mr. F. not having succeeded in killing a deer, concluded to go it alone, and made arrangements over night with his guides. Bube Howard and Dr. Stevenson, to make an effort in the neighborhood of Utowana Lake next day.

effort in the neighborhood of Utowana Lake next day.

Rube Howard, the veteran guide of the mountains, had already started at 6 o'clock in his birch-bark cance to get wind of a deer. He had with him four Adirondack deer hunters—does bred right in the mountains. From puppyhood nothing is taught them but deer, and when they get on the scent they will stick to it until they find the game. Rube rowed in his cance through the waterways to Utowana Lake, and went ashore on the eastern side. He started with his dogs for Blue Ridge, a peak five miles away, and a likely spot in which to find a big buck. At this time of the year the bucks are always found alone, and one will feed in one spot for a long time if not disturbed. After two hours' hard work Rube found fresh signs, and, knowing from the size of the tracks that it was a large deer, let the best dogs loose.

An hour after Rube had made his start Mr.

disturbed. After two hours' hard work Rube found fresh signs, and, knowing from the size of the tracks that it was a large deer, let the best dogs loose.

An hour after Rube had made his start Mr. Fairchild started from the hotel in a canoe with Dr. Fred Stevenson, a guide with whom he has hunted for years. Soon after reaching Utowans Lake they beard the baying of the dogs, as they followed through the thick woods, hot on the deer's trail. The next instant a noble buck burst panting through the underbrush a mile un the lake, and stood for a moment, undeelded about jumping in. A little steam launch puffing along frightened him back and he plunged into the woods again. He was a magnificent fellow, and Fred declared that he was the biggest buck he had seen for many a day. With bated breath they waited to hear from the dogs again. The dogs were right behind their quarry now, crying him down to the southern end of the lake and across Bassett's carry. It was evident now that the deer was "coasting," as following along the shore is called, and the hunters had the opportunity they had been waiting for. Fred grabbed the oars, and the frail canoe under his strokes dashed over the water toward the western shore, whither the buck was heading. Fairchild sat in the stern of the little canoe with his Winchester across his knees ready to fire as soon as he got withm range. The water was very rough and choppy, and the canoe tossed like an eggshell on the surface. When a hundred yards from shore Fred brought the boat around and Fairchild raised his rifle to his shoulder. He could, of course, get nothing but a snanshot from the canoe, but still kept on, though the buildt nad struck a vital spot. Another hasty shot landed the bullet not a foot from the other, and sent the splendid animal crashing to the ground. It was hard work getting the buck into the canoe, and harder still rowing back to the hotel loaded down nearly to the gunwales with their freight.



The cut given here shows the cance just as it The cut given here shows the cance just as it was coming up to the hotel beach, and is reproduced from a photograph that was taken at the time. When the dead buck was brought ashore it made a big sensation. Manager Funnicilifie, acting as official weigher, announced that the buck tipped the scales at 288 sounds. Not a deer had been shot in that

meighborhood this season which went over 200 pounds, and the guests at the hotel could hardly believe the figures. The story of Mr. Fairchild's big shoot spread through the country, and the old hunters came from miles around to see for themselves. It is rather a notable fact that, out of the last five bucks which he has killed, three are exceptionably line as regards the antiers.

One gray-haired trapper gazed at the buck on the grass for a few minutes in silerce.

"What durined luck them city fellers do hev," he finally said and sadly turned away.

Here is another sketch of Mr. Fairchild in hunting costume, with his stanch ally. Fred Stevenson, by his side, and the buck stretched on the grass before them. It is reproduced from a photograph taken on the hotel grounds.

A GREAT GAME WATE.

The Hunters of Canadensis Stirred Up-Pursued by a Wildeat.

CANADENSIS, Oct. 27.—Them promises to be an abundance of game in Pennsylvania this fall, and especially of that class of game which more than any other delights the heart of the sportsman. Deer and bear will undoubtedly be pientiful if the stories told by many of the farmers living in sparsely settled districts are true. The total population of this place will not exceed 100 porsons, and of this number not more than two can be properly classed as hunters. Those two are the Price brothers. who started in when they were five years younger than they are now as farmers, but their love for the gun and rod outgrew their taste for the plough and hoe so fast that they have practically abandoned the latter and are only anxious to fill the 300 acres of wood and cleared land which they own with game. They have been wonderfully successful, and it is a have been wonderfully successful, and it is a poor hunter who cannot fill his bag without leaving the Price farm. In the old farm house gather every bunday and on days when the weather is inclement a number of villagers, and the talk which usually tackies the farming prospects first soon drifts naturally to game. A few days ago the visitors at the house were more than usually numerous, and it was then learned that Monroe county is running over with game, and that if the people are not careful there will soon be more deer there than there are raiblits in Australia, and the number of bears is increasing so fast that they will soon threaten the life of every peaceful domestic animal.

of these varmints in the State.

"I have been doing some work of late." began the old man. "In Bill Price's stone quarry over near the big pond. The noise of the work has always been so great that we never saw many signs of wild animals except in going to and from the quarry, and nothing was jurther from our thoughts than the idea of seeing any that would show fight. On Wednesday Bill couldn't go to the quarry, and so I went alone, because there was some cleaning up necessary. I worked along until about 4 o'clock in the atternoon, and then, feeling pretty well tuckered out, I lay down on a flair rock to rest. I foll asless, and when I awoke the night was there, but it was not very dark. It is two good miles from the quarry to the nearest house, as you all know, and say of miles from the quarry to the nearest house, as you all know, and say of miles from the quarry to the nearest house, as you all know, and say on the was but I had only gone a short distance when I began to grow uncomfortable. It was not fear that I felt, but that unaccountable feeling that warns you of danger. It was not long before I was convinced that I was being followed by something, and that I would be able to find out what was on my track. Half a dozen times I sprang suddenly into the woods, and then, after waiting a moment, looked sharply back. If I had had the iaintest suspicion that it was a wildcat that was on my trail, you can bet that I would have stayed right in the open.

"Finally I grew afraid and determined to strike out for the nearest house. It was about a mile away, and I walked toward it for all I was worth. The fear grew upon me, and, although I was walking at my best gait, it seemed to me that I was making no headway at all. Almost unconsciously I struck into a trot, and in a short time I had increased this gait to a run. Then all doubt that I was being followed was dispolled, for I could plainly hear the crashing of the bushes behind me. I looked over my shoulder, and right in the path behind me I saw two great, gowing ey

TWO NEGROES AND A BEAR.

The Bear Stole a Hog, but Lost It, and Negro Shot the Bear, but Lost Him. From the Griffin News. A negro named Smith had some hogs in a

A negro named Smith had some hogs in a pen not far from his house that he had been fattening with the Intention of killing them this winter. He heard a terrible noise out near the pen the other night that sounded as if some one was tearing down a fence. He quickly jumped out of bed, lit a lamp, and hurried out to the hog pen. Just before he arrived there he heard the hogs set up a terrible squealing as if they were being dragged from the pen. Unon a nearer approach he discovered what he thought to be a man with a hog upon his shoulder, making his escape across the field. He called to his wife to bring him his gun. She hastened to obey his command, and snatched up a butcher kuife also that was upon the table. Armed with the gun and knife he proceeded immediately to take a nearer route and thereby overtake the thief. His wife carried the light and followed in the rear, bent on as

sisting in the capture of the intruder. Before they had gone very far they came to a dense thicket of woods, where they lay in ambush, surmising that the thief would be and to ceme in that direction.

They had not waited long before they heard a loud crashing in the bushes near by, and to their surprise a large bear suddenly appeared before them with his prev thrown across his shoulder. Upon seeing the light and negroes bruin turned to flee. As he did so Smith emptied both barrels of his gun into his body. The bear threw down the hog as soon as the gun fired, and with a growl turned upon Smith, and before he was aware of it had clasped him around the body, and was hugging him so tight that he aimost lost his breath. Not losing his presence of mind, however, he quickly forth, stabbed the bear twice. This caused bruin to loose his hold upon him and make off into the woods. During the scuffle the bear managed to give Smith some pretty severe wounds. His arm and neck were lacerated severely. He, in company with his wile, who having become paralyzed with fright, had taken flight into the field near by, went to the house and proceeded to bandage up his wounds. It is thought that this is the same bear that not long ago created some excitement in Butts county.

HOW MISS BURLINGAME SHOT A BEAR. She Hunted Bruin for Fun, and was Not

Very Nervous About It. SCRANTON, Oct. 27 .- Farmer Benjamin J. Jones of Virgil, Cortland county, N. Y., stopped here the other day on his way home from a four weeks' bear and deer hunt among the mountains of the upper Sinnamahoning region in Potter county. His party killed eight deer. three full-grown bears, two yearling bears, five coons, one fox, and a lot of squirrels and partridges. Mr. Jones was much elated over the lively sport he had enjoyed in the wild woods of that great game region, but nothing in his experience pleased him so much as an adventure which his handsome cousin. Miss Flora Burlingame, had with a bear on the only sunshiny afternoon the hunters saw during their

Miss Burlingame was born and reared in the narrow Sinnamahoning valley, and she has always breathed the fresh air of the mountainous regions of Wharton township. She is in her 20th year, and Mr. Jones describes her as being a little above the average height, with regular features, rosy cheeks, dark eyes, and dark brown hair. He says she weighs 130 pounds, and is a perfect picture of good health. Her body is willowy, her step clastic, and her movements are graceful, and she can ride a horse, leap a fence, shoot, do any kind of houserork, and run as fast as any of her brothers

movements are gracein, and sale can take a horse, leap a fence, shoot, do any kind of housework, and run as fast as any of her brothers. Miss Burlingame is also a school teacher, and for two or three years she has taught the district school, three miles up the Sinnamahoning valley, walking to and from the school house, and taking her dinner with her. Her three brothers are famous hunters, and she is as brave as any of them. Miss Burlingame is the only girl in the family, and Mr. Jones says that her brothers fairly worship her. The interesting story of Miss Burlingame's exploit in the woods is told by Mr. Jones as follows:

"Miss Flora Burlingame is my own cousin, but she always calls me Uncle Ben because I am more than twice fas old as she is. On Wednesday morning, Oct. 10, the weather looked as though it was going to be good for deer hunting, and Westcott Burlingame, Westcott and Henry Burlield, and myself met at the residence of the Burlingames and got ready to go on a deer hunt away over the big mountain to the west of the Sinnamahoning. Flora had taken her dinner basket and started for her school house, and Ed Burlingame had hitched up the team and started for Sinnamahoning, sixteen miles away. We had old Sport and Tace with us, and when we got on the other side of the mountain. Wes Burlingame took the hounds in charge, placed the two Burflelds and myself on different runways, and instructed us, in case we should hear nothing from him or the hounds by 3 o'clock in the alternoon, to make for home. Then Wes took the hounds and strode off toward the next ridge to the west, and from then until 3% in the afternoon I didn't hear a velp from the hounds or get a glimpse of a single one of the hunters. Then I made tracks for home, going up the steep mountain side to the head of Bird's Run, and when I got to the head, I heard the hounds, old Sport and Tace, baying away down in the run, about a mile from the house of the Burlingames. I then stopped, listened a moment, and found out that the hounds were not running, an full there will soon be more deer there than there are rabbits in Australia, and the number of bears is increasing so fast that they will soon threaten the life of every peaceful down." Las' Friday," said one of the farmers, "when I was comis through there woods beyond here a bit a big black bar kem out in the road and made me haul up with a peril. While record and made me haul up with a peril. While record and made me haul up with a peril. While record and made me haul up with a peril. While record and made me haul up with a peril. While record and made me haul up with a peril. While record and there is a second to the woods an 'crossin ther road wabbled off as cam mg spleass. Thar must or be more in a cam mg spleass. Thar must or be more in the woods which was been and brought up in the county and who was bitterly opposed to any untruths, spoke up, and what he said was strictly attended to my house it does not be the woods which leads to my house it does not be the hounds by o'clock in the afternoon, to the woods which leads to my house it does not be the hounds by o'clock in the afternoon in went up to them. Bight there in the centre of the cows stood a full-grown doe, as much at home as could be. She looked wistend when the county is a constant in the woods which leads to my house in the woods which leads to my house in the woods which leads to my house in the wood with the wood which leads to my house in the woods which leads to my house in the wood with th

the cear stopped hear the lower limbs of the hemlock I heard the Colt's gun reack again, and the bear ict loose right away and fell clear from the tree.

"That stirred me up a good bit, I can tell you and I dashed down the bill as fast as ever I could go. The dogs were yeiping all the while, and on the way down I heard the rille crack once more. When I got to where the hounds were, instead of finding Ed, as I expected to, there stood my pretty cousin, Flora, by the side of a dead bear.

"She was much excited, and, standing her gun up by the side of a tree, she told me that when she got home from school she heard the hounds baying in Bird's Runravine. She imagined that they might have cornered a bear, she said, and as none of the men were at home, she grabbed Ed's rille and ran to the ravine to see what they were barking at. Her mother tried to stop her, but she wouldn't be stopped, and on she dashed, and found the hounds worrying a bear near the bank of the creek.

"Flora said that she fired into the airrat first in order to attract the attention of Sport and Tace, but the only effect it had on them was to make them stop barking for a second and look around. The hounds saw her and then flew at the bear again, all three of them plunging down toward where she was. She kept clear of them all, blazing away at the bear whenever the dogs were not in her way, but falling to hit the oil fellow. After a while the bear a to frightened and made for the hemlock, she said, and then she thought she would be ablot okill him with a builet before he reached the limbs. She was getting her rife ready to bang away again when she heard the crack of my gun and saw the bark fly from the trunk of the tree, and she said she knew by the reached the limbs. Call the bark she heard the reack of my gun and saw the bark fly from the trunk of the cree. "All at once, Flora said, her nerves got steady."

"All at once, Flora said, her nerves got steady."

gun and saw the bark fly from the trunk of the tree. and she said she knew by the report that it was Uncle Ben's gun and that he was coming to her rescue.

"All at once. Flora said, her nerves got steady again, her courage came back to her, and she rested her gun against a tree and almed at the bear's head. Her shet was a true one, for the bailet struck him at the butt of the right ear, and he tumbled to the ground. While the bear was kicking his last the hounds began to tease him again, and Flora put another bullet in his head for fear that he might be playing 'possum. That finished old brain, and he was as dead as a rock when I got there. After she had told me this, she flung her rife over her shoulder and said. 'Come along, Uncle Ben,' and when I asked her if I shouldn't carry her gun for her, as she must be pretty tired. 'Why, Uncle Ben,' she said, 'it seems as if I could almost carry that bear and my rifle, too,' and she tripped through the woods as gracefully as a young fawn, aspearing to have got all over the excitement of the half hour before.

"On the way home we met Mrs. Burlingame all out of breath. She was dreadfully afraid that something awful had happened to Flora, and I never saw a more joyful mother than she was when Flora dauced up to her and gave her a kiss. It was dusk when we got back to the house. Ed Burlingame had returned from Sinnamahoning, and we hadn't been there two minutes before Wes rushed in.

"What's the matter with Flora?" he said; 'her cheeks look redder than usual, and she seems to be excited. What has happened?

"Oh, nothing. I killed a bear down in Bird's Run n little while ago; that's al. 'Flora said.

"Then Wes waned to know all about it, and, after he had heard it, he was pouder than ever of his plucky sister. Wes said he hadn't been able to put the houns on any deer, and between 3 and 4 o'clock he sent them home. After supper we tetched the bears of the steel-yards at just 201 pounds.

"Flora was uplong before daylight the next morning getting the housework out of the way

From the Modroz Mail.
King Solomon acknowledged that there King Sciomon acknowledged that there were "three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not." and one of these was "the way of a screent upon a rock." and for years the mode of progression of a snake remained to men of science as much a mystery as it was to Sciomon. It is thought that the absence of limbs is a great disadvantage to snake, but the fact is their ribstake the place of limbs, so that instead of hav-

A Rudderless Pet Snake,

Mr. Joseph McNaughton of High street, Newark, has at least four-fifths of a large black snake thoroughly tamed and docile black snake thoroughly tamed and doelle. The other fifth would have been domesticated, too, had not Mr. McNaughton found it necessary to amputate it to save the snake's life.

About four months ago he discovered the reptile lying among some rubbish at the foot of an old stone wall about a mile from South Orange. It was in a very low state of health, indeed, and on examining it to ascertain the cause of its indisposition Mr. McNaughton saw a small brass ring almost imbedded in the flesh not far from the tail. Some one had, evidently, slipped on the ring when the snake was very small, and then liberated the decorated serpent. The ernament had now nearly cut the body in two portions, but it was clear that the snake must have died before the operation was completed. Indeed, the tial end was already dead.

Delicately and skilfully, Mr. McNaughton severed the parts with his penknife, and dressed the raw spot carefully. He carried the snake home, where it speedily recovered, and evinced the liveliest gratitude and affection for its preserver. It soon became the pet of the household. A knob has grown at the tail end of the body; but it cannot guide itself. It moves slowly, and with some difficulty, across a room, but when it touches the wall it must wait for some one to turn it before it can proceed further. Mr. McNaughton thinks that when it sheds its skin it will develop a new covering long enough to clothe the missing tail. The other fifth would have been domesticated,

Bertha Von Hillern Kills a Five-foot Snake

Returning home one golden noon, walking single file along the narrow path which skirted each side of the road. Miss Von Hillern was before, her lithe figure undulating in a square heel-and-toe walk, and her golden hair gleaming beneath the broad-brim hat. I in the roar, swinging my hat in hand instead of carrying it where it properly belonged, singing a snatch of song in a lumtum sort of way, and culling a wild flower here and there, suddenly Miss Von Hillern paused and, pointed to the head and portion of the body of a large black snake which lay at her feet directly across the path basking in the warm sunlight. It took but an instant for me to gather up my skirts and calling to her to follow at once. Instead of that she laid the bundle of mail aside and drew a heavy rail from the fence at her side. The snake reared its greathead, its gemike eyes snarkled and seintillated with the sun's ravs, the boisonous fangs were thrust forth in bold and vicious attack, but ere it could strike the rail descended upon the uplifted head with violent and stunning force. Again and again it lell, crushing the now bleeding reptile and grinding it into the earth. Coil after coil of the cable-like body writhed and twisted from the bushes, the sathy sking gilstening in the light. It was strong and tenacious of life, and took long to die, but finally lay comparatively quiet.

"I wonder how long it is?" said she.

I drew a yard of ribbon from my neck, using it as a "tape," and measured, It was five feet and three inches, and Miss Von Hillern said it was one of the largest she had ever seen. Returning home one golden noon, walking

A Motherly Bear Clubbing Of Chestauts for her Young Cubs, From the Kingston Freeman.
William Van Bramer of Rondout related

the following rather risky experience of him-self and J. Sapp in the wilds of Denning, one

the following rather risky experience of himsel and J. Sapp in the wilds of Denning, one day last week:

We were riding along through the most lonesome and sparsely settled portion of Ulster county, and just on the border of Sullivan county with a load of chestnuts and other country produce. All of a sudden I heard a erackling sound in a large chestnut tree, and I says to Sapp. Joe. says I. look at that big darky over there knocking down chestnuts.

"Joe looked, and as he did so his hat fell off and I declare if his hair wasn't standing straight on end and he was white as a sheet.

"What the deuce is the matter with you. Joe? says I. are you siek? Didn't you never see a darky before?"

"You look again, Billy, says Joe. 'that's no darky. It's a bear.

"Well. I took another squint, and sure as guns it was a bear. He sat on his haunches on a big limb of the tree, with his back braced between two other limbs, and with a ten-foot pole that bear was knocking of chesiaut burrs like a streak of lightning. Two good-sized cubs were lighting and growling among some rocks under the chestnut tree for possession of the nuts as they fell in a shower to the ground. It was a comical sight, and not so very frightful after one got used to it, but as I had no gun nor any other weapon of defence along, I whipped up my horse and left Bruin master of the field."

Georgia's Champlon Squirret Hunter,

Georgia's Champion Squirrel Hunter.

Georgia's Champion Squirrei Hunter,

Prom the Macon Telegraph.

Tuesday afternoon two hunters hopped off
the East Tennessee. Virginia and Georgia train
with empty game bags. "We've hunted all over
Adams Park," one of them said. "and not a
squirrel could we find." A bystander, who
knew what he was taiking about remarked:
"And yet J. M. W. Christian can go down to
Adams Park and bring back hundreds of them.
That's the difference between hunters. You
fellows go down there and spend a whole day
and not a solitary squirrel will be seen. Mr.
Christian will follow right after you and shoot
hundreds of them. He goes for business, and
if you will watch him he generally gets off to
himself, and the first thing you know you
hear two cracks of his gun. Then listen and
you will hear two more, and the reports wil
get further and further away. About train
time you will see him coming up to the station
looking fire times as big as he really is, and
when he gets near enough you will see that he
is covered with squirrels, which he has killed
and strung and thrown over his shoulder. Yes,
he is the finest squirrel hunter in Georgia, and
yet if you were to ask him why it is you have
gone through the woods without spying a squirrel, he could not explain it to save his life."

Partly Undressed by a Bear.

Partly Undressed by a Bear.

From the Lewison Journal.

KINGFIELD, Oct. 19.—Wednesday Mr. William Nickerson of Kingfield was hunting partridge about one-half mile from his home. Hearing his dog bark he supposed that the dog had lound some birds, and, hastening in the direction of the sound, he found that the dog had encountered a large bear.

As soon as bruin saw Mr. Nickerson he made for him, growling fiercely. Mr. N. hastily climbed a tree, taking his gun with him, but had ascended only some eix or eight feet when bruin caught him by the pant leg and tried to pull him to the ground. The pants gave away. The bear then selzed his shoe and pulled it from his foot, carrying it to the ground. Bruin's next trip up the tree was more successful. This time he carried down one of Mr. Nickerson's stockings also one of his toes, badly lacerating two more.

Mr. Nickerson had now got in a position to use his gua, and as the savage beast was ascending the tree the third time (with the brase

air. Mickerson had now got in a position to use his gua, and as the savage beast was ascending the tree the third time (with the brave little dog hanging to his flank) he coolly waited until the muzzle of his gun was within a foot of the animal's head. He then quickly gave him the small partridge charge which the gun contained. It caused him to beat a hasty retreat, for which Mr. Nickerson was truly thankful.

DRINKS WITH SOUL IN THEM.

The property of the

snow. Should I produce a broken yolk from below the counter for your drink, its whole effect would be spoiled. Furthermore, my dear sir, the opening of a new egg in the presence of a customer, and its neat and skilful handling, possesses an artistic merit. The true bartender is not satisfied merely with producing a fine drink. That is only the last result of his labors. If he has the soul for art which should influence every bartender who aspires to more than filling beer or serving raw spirits, he will at-

every bartender who aspires to more than filling beer or serving raw spirits, he will attempt also to bring his customer to that frame of mind in which he can properly appreciate and thoroughly enjoy the drink he has prepared. Every mood, you know, has its drink, and every drink its mood. The artist bartender will try to induce the mood in which the drink called for should be taken. There are various devices to whot the appetite, banish extraneous thought, and calim the weary or excited spirit to that state proper for appreciative drinking. Of these the manipulation of the egg is the most efficient. In fact, the hen is the bartender's best friend. Without her the saloon would be only for drunkards. With her it is the resort of epicures. She is the bartender's bartner, his inspirer, his patron goddess." "Are there many drinks requiring eggs?" Asked the customer as he drained the glass. "With a little thought, sir, I could name you over a hundred in which the whole or part of an egg is absolutely necessary. They comprise nearly all the drinks over the bar which have an resthetic or healthful rather than an intoxicating object. In two-thirds of them the whole egg is used. Its effect is to oil and soften the drink as well as to flavor it. It lends richness to the flavor and a soft richness of color that enhances the drink greatly. For you must know that a large part of the pleasure of drinking lies in pleasure to the egg in drinks is invaluable. It strengthens. It is meat, It soltens the edge of the liquor also, and thus transforms a stomach-tearing liquid into an invigorating, healthful tonic. It is a great mistake to drink raw spirits when eggs are so cheap and handy. If you must drink whiskey, drop an egg in it. You will find the result wonderful. Sherry and egg is justiy a popular drink. The chief hydienic effect of the egg, though, is on the voice. Heavy drinkers, who always take egg in their drink, never get the "whiskey voice. Liquor is said to be bad for singers. If singers would drink liquor and egg their depends upon the individual choice of color. Some men like todicy you know, you can be color. Some men like todicy you know, you can be color. Some men like todicy you know, you way want a golden fizz. Its rich redness pleases them, others find their treatest as thetic pleasure in the delicate translucence of the silver fizz. Did you ever notice how the silver of an excelears away the liquor, letting the eye almost penetrate and then badiling it? It is typical of a dream. I have noticed that poets profor the rich and splendor, the romance and opulence suggested by the gold of an eag mixed in a drink? I have frequently remarked that men of till blood, of rushing, sparking life, prefer the golden drinks. They satisfy their rosy longings. "Shall I mention you some drinks with egg? I have frequently remarked that men of till blood, of rushing, sparking life, prefer the golden drinks. They satisfy their rosy longings. "Shall I mention you some drinks with egg? Well, first and most glorious from every standpoint—health, flavor, and bracing qualities—silver golden royal, and grand royal. The grand royal, like the royal, takes the whole egg, but adds a dash of marachino or benedictine. The fizzes, of course, are made with all liquors. Whisey, brandy, Santa Cruz, Jamaica, and cider brandy fizzes are the favorites after that universal favorite, the giffiz. A fizz of apple jack is delicious, but little file, sherry filler, and sherry and egg are popular and well known. A senuine novelly in egg drinks is egg beer. Never heard of it, of course? It is just out. You bent a whole erg with a spoonful of sugar and fill up the glass with beer. That's all, Perhaps it don't sound good, but I assure you it is the most nutritious drink in the world, and one of the most particular and well known, have been prefer to don't you take a iong ehampane class and drop a half teaspoonful of vanilla in the bottom of it. On this you lay carefully a half peny of maraschino. It begins now to be beaufiful, but when you float on that a whole fresh

Shake up well with ice. It is new nutritions, healthful, nopular. It clears the throat which is hasky for yelling over Buck Ewing's four-baggers. When New York has been defeated, the bors take it hot to cheer them up. It's a great drink, and hasn't a drop of intoxicants in it eliber unless some one wants it flavored. I haven't any more time now, or I could go on with those hundred egg drinks I could name."

"Give me a base ball lemonade," said the customer. "with a dash of Old Crow in it, and I'll drink to New York and the championship."

"And when you get it down," said William, "we'll have a pousse I amour together, and dedicate the toast to the bartender's patron saint, the hen."

ENCOURAGED TO SAVE THEIR CENTS.

The Charity Organization Soing Into the Savings Bank Business on a Very Small Scale—The Record Broken by a Deposit of Fifty Cents—Good Work Done.

A ragged little street boy, with a saucy, solled face peoping out from under a brimless straw hat, dashed into one of the pleasant uptown offices of the Charity Organization So ciety with two cents shut closely in his grimy little fist and an expression of triumphant pride vainly endeavoring to penetrate the substrata of mother earth deposited on his coun tenance. The cents he tossed down on the desk, producing at the same time from his remnant of a pocket a small yellow book, into which the pleasant, smiling agent of the society pasted a peculiar blue stamp.

"Get enough to buy a house with after a

while," shouted the little tatterdemailon, as he whirled out a mixture of rage and satisfaction.
A clean but poorly clad little girl followed with some more cents hidden in her little soft pink palm, and when she was questioned kindly concerning the desire of her heart, she tossed back her brown tangled curls, and with a pretty flush glowing and softening on her pinched little face, she said shyly: "My Sunday dress has got all spoilt with spots, and mamma says she can't buy me another, and so I'm saving all my pennies, and when I ge enough to buy my dress, mamma says she'il

I'm saving all my pennies, and when I get enough to buy my dress, mamma says she'il make it. Its's going to be a sailor suit, and I've got most enough," and as the last stamp was pasted in she tripped out, the brown ringlets turning to gold in the sunshine.

A tall, pallid girl came up to the desk stiently, laid three cents and a very worn, soiled little book on the desk together, and waited with the weary apathetic expression so common to hopelessiy poor people while the queer stamps were put in their places. Evidently an old comer, and a child whom poverty had robbed of every instinct of childhood.

Two more little girls, this time to ask for money instead of depositing it. "for," explained the elder, around whose battered little bonnet was twisted a scrap of rusty crine." Papa's sick, and we've got to have the money. And as the money was counted into herrough, chapped hand she inid her book down with a little sigh which softened into a smile as the kindly faced indy told her she would let her redeem the book when she could, that it should be hers again, only it would be kept there until she had more cents.

Then a barefooted urchin came tearing in, flung down a greasy, mended book, saying: "Please may I have my 15 cents. I've earned 10 more, and now I can get my shoes mended and not have to go barefooted any more." Sober-laced women came with shawis over their heads and nickels in their hands; a man entered leading a tiny lad and saying: "This little fellow has saved sixty cents in a week; if you let men come into this I'll join it with a quarter. I don't like to be heaten by such a fit lad as he is." Women with bables in their arms hought stamps for the babies, and babies toddied in themselves until the box in the agent's drawer was full of cents and nickels, with an occasional quarter gleaming beside a lonesome dime.

"What does all this mean?" asked the omnipresent reporter of The Sux.

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"What does all this mean?" asked the omnipresent reporter of The Sux.

"It means," said the agent, "that this is one of the offices of the Penny Frovident Fund, which has been established since the first of August by the Committee of Provident Habits belonging to the Central Council of the Charity Organization. The idea is not original with them, but has proved efficacious in other cities, and consequently has been adopted and put in operation in our own; it follows more closely than any other the Baltimore system, and is as simple as it is satisfactory. The committee, romembering that children of the poorest parents have many cents given them for various small services rendered, which coats invariably find their way to the glucose candy stands and cirarette counters, and knowing, too, that during the summer months, when expenses are comparatively light, that money might be saved in small amounts for emergencies incident to winter or sickness, at each office of the Charity Organization Society, of which there are nine in different parts of the city, arrangements have been made for receiving sums of money from one cent up to \$10 at any time from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. on every day except Sundays and holidays. Each denositor receives a small pasteboard book containing his name, the rules of the society, and a brank space for the reception of the stamps. These stamps are printed for the society, and represent varying values from one cent up to \$10 at any time from 9 A. M. to the society, and represent varying values from one cent up to \$10 at any time from 9 cancelled, and the depositor receives a small book kie a bank book, in which entries are made concerning his money, and another stamp book which he proceeds to fill as before. Where any depositor has saved \$5 or upward he is assisted to open an account in a savings bank. Arrangements have been made, or will be nesiror has saved \$5 or upward he is assisted to open an account in a savings bank. Arrangements have been made, or will be made, by the society for the purchase of coal at the rate of \$1 less per ton than the usual price even when purchased in small quantities, and denositors will be encouraged to accumulate and invest their money thus advantageously. The sums of money received in the different offices since the establishment of the fund the list of August must aggregate nearly \$1,000. The largest amount paid in by one person in a single day was flity cents, and there is only one 50-cent place on record. There are a few twenty-five cent places, but cents and nickles, with an occasional dime, predominate. It must be remembered that the fund is yet in its infancy, and little has been done to bring it to the notice of people. There are no expenses incident to its management, as the agents of the Charity Organization have very willingly taken on this new duty in connection with their other work at no additional salary, and the general manager and treasurer, a well-known lawyer in the city, whose time is valuable, gives his services most willingly and generously. The cost of the printed matter and stamp books is met by voluntary contribution. The depositors are among the very poorest people in the city, the largest contingent being children, with many working women and a very few men; and the managers are confident that their scheme must succeed, not only in its practical results, but in its tendency to establish provident habits among the poor. The officers of the society are; Robert W. de Forrest, President; Francis H. Weeks, Vice-President; Constant A Andrews, Treasurer; James K. Gracce, Becretary, and Charles D. Kellogg, General Secretary. The Central Committee of the fund are Robert W. de Forrest, Mrs. Charles R. Lowell, and Otto Bannard. to open an account in a savings bank.

Robbing the Absent-minded A couple of smart women thieves have been working the ferries about this city recently. Their victims are the absent-minded gentlemen who do business in New York by day and sleep elsewhere. The game, as de-scribed by the clerk of the lost goods office of the Hoboken Ferry, is this:

A gentlemen came in here the other night in a state of mind about a valuable umbrella that he said he had left on one of our boats. He arrived just too late to meet a man who knew where the umbrella was. The loser came through the ladies' cabin when he boarded the boat, and stopped under the head at the forward end. Then he leaned his umbrella in the corner and pulled out an evening paper and became absorbed. Directly after two fine-looking, well-dressed ladies were seen crowding him slightly but genteelly, and he naturally edged away a bit without looking up from his paper. Thus they stood till the boat entered the slip. Then one of the fine ladies passed his umbrella to the other, and the two mingled with the crowd that nammed up against the gates, and he forgot, as they expected he would do, all about the umbrella. The man who saw the trick followed the women and told them they had another's umbrella. Why, certainly, said one, He's a friend of ours, and we are taking it to him on the cars. But they slipped out to the street instead of going to the train, and while the man looked for a policeman they escaped. It is a novel game, and I hear that it is worked on the other ferries. knew where the umbrella was. The loser

A Vigorous Old Man.

Joseph Field is an extensive and wealthy old farmer in Middletown township, N. J., and is 97 years of age. He did not marry until he was 70 years old. He is a widower and has three was 70 years old. He is a widower and has three children. the youngest an accomplished young lady of 17. His barn was destroyed by fire several months ago and now he is replacing it with a very large structure. It is built by day's work, and Mr. Field, besides attending to every detail as the building progresses, works hard every day. THE WRECK AT SHOHOLA. SOME OF THE VICTIMS STILL SUFFER.

ING FROM THEIR WOUNDS.

Company-Losses of Fred Gebhard, Mat-thew D. Storms, and Mrs. Langity for Horses Killed Estimated at \$117,000.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., Oct. 27 .- The terrible railroad wreck at Shohola on the night of Aug. 12 last, when two locomotives and five cars. containing sixty passengers and trainmen, plunged down a one-hundred-and-twenty-foot mbankment to the brink of the Delaware River, remains a matter of serious concern to ome of the victims who are still suffering from unhealed and painful wounds, and to the Erie Railroad Company, which is called upon to adjust large claims for damages to persons and property. Two of the more severely injured passengers are still kept here, where they were brought direct from the wreck, by the serious nature of their hurts. One of these, Miss Mary, Taylor of 54 Willoughby avenue, Brook-lyn, lies helpless and suffering from injuries to the spine that are probably incurable. The other invalid passenger is Matthew D. Storms. the California horseman, who suffered a com-pound fracture of the skull and had seven ribs broken and his breast bone crushed in. While once a marvel of physical perfection he is now no more than the wreck of a man to whom no surgery can ever bring back health.

The last of the convaiescents to leave here was Mrs. Cyrus Slater, who came to this country as Hannah Yearsley, a pretty English girl. on her way to join her betrothed husband, Cyrus Slater, a printer of Kansas City, The romantic story has already been told by Tug Sun of the interruption of her journey by the disastrous Shohola wreck, of her narrow escape from death, and her perilous wounds, and how her faithful lover hastened to her bedside here, and the palr were married off-hand. She lingered here as an invalid, suffering from nervous shock and from a cruel wound that will leave an indentile scar on her pretty face, until a day or two ago, when she was able to accompany her hundred to the home he had prepared for her in Kansas City.

The disaster, although it occurred under circumstances that seem to have rendered it entirely unavoidable, has already cost the Erie Railroad Company a large sum, which is likely to be considerably increased by future settlements of claims for damager. The company has been liberal in its provisions of surgeon, nurses, hospital accommodations, and the like for the wounded, and has also made prompt and satisfactory settlements, in most cases for personal injuries and for baggage destroyed, some of the larger sams paid to sufferers by the disaster are these: To Mrs. Cyrus Siater, Kansas City, \$2,370; to Mrs. T. G. Cozart, Dursham, N. C., \$2,000; to James Dunn, Goshen, \$4,450. A number of others have been paid sums ranging from \$800 down to \$50 for minor injuries or losses of baggage, or both. No settlement has as yet been made with Miss Mary Taylor, but with this exception, and with the further exception of Mr. Storms and his associates in charge of the horses in the Wells-Fargo Express car, all the claims preferred by passengers have been satisfactorily adjusted by the company. In respect to the trainmen who were injured surgeons have been provided, and half pay has been allowed them while off duty on account of disability, according to the company's custom. It is understood, however, that the family of Alexander Newman, the fireman who was killed, will tring suit against the company to enforce a claim of heavy damages for his death. cane from death and her perilous wounds. and how her faithful lover hastened to her

the company to enforce a claim of heavy dam-

that the family of Alexander Newman, the freman who was killed, will tring suit against the company to enforce a claim of heavy damages for his death.

The question of the Eric Company's liability in damages for the loss of the valuable horses that were killed in the disaster is as yet unsettled, and will probably be taken to the courts for adjudication. Of the thirteen horses in the Wells-Fargo express car and en route for California, that went down the embankment, there were ten belonging to Mr. Fred Gebhard's racing stable, of whom eight were killed. The killed included the big bay stallion Lolus, by War Song, his brother Folist, and six others of note. Two, the high-bred stallion St. Saveur, and the filly Mineral, escaped. In the same car, and among the killed, were a saddle horse and pony belonging to Mrs. Lille Langtry, and the stallion Scandinavia, owned by Mr. M. D. Storms. When recently interviewed concerning the value of the horses killed, Mr. Storms estimated Mr. Gebhard's loss at \$100,000, Mrs. Langtry's at \$2,000, and his own at \$15,000, or \$117,000 altogether. He also intimated that the Eric Baliroad Company and the Wells-Fargo Express Company, one or both, would be called upon to make a reasonable compensation to the owners of the animals for their losses. The harness, saddles, and trappings lost by the burning of the car were also costly and valuable.

Besides losing his horse. Mr. Storms claims to have lost \$3,300 in money, \$2,000 worth of jewelry, three trunks illied with clothing and a valuable gold watch, all destroyed by the flames which burned the wrecked car. The money and jewelry were in a valiable gold watch, all destroyed in the car well as the flames were sweeping through the car. It is understood that Mr. Storm claims altogether \$35,000 of the Eric company for personal injuries received and loss of property.

Mr. Charles V. Aby, superintendent of Mr. Gebhard's stables, who was in charge of the

company for personal injuries received and loss of property.

Mr. Charles W. Aby, superintendent of Mr. Gebhard's stables, who was in charge of the Gebhard and Langtry horses in the wrecked car, was also among the severely injured, and he, too, lost many valuable articles of personal property. The three grooms who were all more or less hurt. None of these has as yet bettled with the Eric Company for any chaim for damages he may have. It is understood that they are awaiting action by Mr. Gebhard.

TOLD OF MRS. CRUGER.

But It's an Old Story-Vote for Jones, whe Pays the Freight.

The town gossips are now telling this story of Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, wife of the Republican nominee for the office of Lieutenant-Governor. She is an acknowledged society leader, and her parlors are eagerly

sought by aspiring young men about town. Among frequent callers was a well-known, good-looking young man, whom half the feminine part of the .pper 400 have invished smiles which would easily turn the head of one less experienced. This lucky i dividual had gone to pay his

respects to Mrs. Cruger. A servant had disappeared above stairs with his card, when a remarkably pretty housemaid entered the drawing room where the young man was waiting and proceeded to dress the lamps. The girl was so pretty, and her trim figure so appealing in a long and snowy white agron, that the gallant threw prudence to the winds and caught her in his arms. He was in the act of bestowing sundry violent caresses upon her tempting mouth, when a softly modulated voice, speaking in the calmest way, interrupted his elysium and turned his hot blood to ice. Mrs. Cruger's tall and clegant figure was standing in the doorway. She had come down somer, perhaps, than was her wont, or maybe the kisses had been so sweet that the young man had lost track of the flight of time.

"Bridget fied, and the voice," have I not always told you that you were to receive your company in the kitchen?"

Bridget fied. The ardent gallant didn't raise his eyes again, and when his sonese told him that the coast was clear, he found the front door without difficulty. Nowadays his eard is missed from Mrs. Cruger's crowded receiver. markably pretty housemaid entered the draw-

The Best Represented District in the Union. NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 27 .- The little town of Shreveport in this State, with some 10,000 peo-ple, will be the only one of its size in the Union

with two members of the next Congress. Mr Newton C. Blanchard, sitting member from the Fourth Louisiana district, who has been renominated and will be returned to the Fiftyfirst Congress-he has no opposition- is a resident of Shreveport.

When the Fifth District Convention met at

When the Fifth District Convention met at Monroe last week, it adopted the two-thirds rule. The district is equally divided between what is known as "swamp"—that is, the alluvial river country—and hill parishes. There has always been political realousy between these two sections, and as they were equal in delegates in the Convention no nomination could be made. After ballotting in vain for several days, the Convention went outside of the district—the first time this has ever been done in Louisiana—and nominated Mr. C. J. Boutner of Shreveport in the Fourth district.

Mr. Boutner's election is as certain as that of Mr. Blanchard, so that Shreveport, with its 10,000 people, will have two members in the next Congress, while New Orleans, with its 280,000, will have but one, Mr. Wilkinson of the First (New Orleans) district, being a resident of the parish of Flaquemines.

72 DEATHS FROM PNEUMONIA

In New York City last week show that this terrible disease is again on the inorease. The nonusual cooliess of the season, the frequent rainfalls, and the failure of our citizens to use preventive remadles for the cure of courba cools, hourseness, chest pains, and other symptoms of approximate for the cure of courba. BENSON'S PLASTER is the most reliable remedy known to the foregoing premonitory symptoms of Pneumonia. It is near, cleanly, powerful, and prempt in action, and doesn't injure the most delicate skin, and IV USED IN TIME, never fails. As another "celd wave" is daily expected. It would be well for you to supply yourself with ERNSON'S PLASTER for immediate use when an emergency arises. Careful buyers ask for BENSON'S and refuse all other porous plasters.